

Wonderful Cures.

W. D. Hoyt & Co., whole and retail druggists of Columbia, Ga., says: "We have been selling Dr. King's New Discovery, Electric Bitter and Bucklen's Arnica Salve for two years. Have never handled remedies that sell as well, or give such universal satisfaction. There has been some wonderful cures effected by these medicines in this city. Several cases of pronounced Consumption have been entirely cured by use of a few bottles of Dr. King's New Discovery, taken in connection with Electric Bitter. We guarantee them all ways. Sold by E. W. Adams."

The Population of Wellington

Is about 3,000, and we would say at least one half are troubled with some affection of the throat and lungs, as those complaints are, according to statistics, more numerous than others. We would advise all our readers not to neglect the opportunity to call on their druggists and get a bottle of Kemp's Balsam for the throat and lungs. Trial size free. Large bottles 50c and \$1. Sold by all druggists.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve

The best salve in the world for cuts, bruises, sores, ulcers, salt rheum, fever sores, tetter, chapped hands, chilblains, corns and all skin eruptions, and positively cures piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For Sale by Wooster & Adams.

WILL YOU SUFFER with dyspepsia and liver complaint? Shiloh's Vitalizer is guaranteed to cure you. Sold by F. D. Felt.

Personal.

Mr. N. H. Frohlichstein, of Mobile, Ala., writes: "I take great pleasure in recommending Dr. King's New Discovery for consumption, having used it for a severe attack of Bronchitis and Catarrh. It gives me instant relief and cures me. I also beg to state that I had tried other remedies with no good result. Have also used Electric Bitter and Dr. King's New Life Pills, both of which I can recommend. Dr. King's New Discovery for consumption, coughs and colds, is sold on a positive guarantee. Trial bottles free at Adams' drug store."

Detroit, Mich., March 8, '88. W. H. Hill & Co.: Gentlemen—I had a very severe attack of rheumatism. After taking a few doses of your Arthro-phon-Ia, obtained relief. Have taken one bottle and am almost entirely cured. M. S. Carpell, 635, Bragg street. For sale at Felt's drug store.

A Happy Farmer.

Warren Underwood, a prominent resident of the village of Dexter, N. Y., says: "My wife and I contracted severe colds last fall which resulted in terribly troublesome coughs. We tried everything we could think or hear of but were unable to get relief. After two months of suffering we were induced to try VanWert's Balsam. Before the third bottle was gone our coughs had entirely disappeared and we were as well as ever. I cannot say too much in praise of this wonderful remedy." Trial size free. E. W. Adams the Leading Druggist.

English Spavin Liniment removes all Hard, Soft, or Coloured Lumps and Blemishes from horses Blood Spavin, Curbs, Splints, Sweeney Ring-bone, Sifts, Sprains, all Swollen Throats, Coughs, Etc. Save \$50 by use of one bottle. Warranted. Sold by W. E. Adams, Druggist, Wellington, O. 44-261

"HACKMETACK" a fragrant and lasting perfume. Price 25 and 50 cents. Sold by F. D. Felt.

Bangor, Mich., March 21, '88. To whom it may concern: This is to certify that I have suffered all winter with a severe attack of rheumatism, and was about to ask to be relieved from my position, as I was not able to work. After trying many remedies and getting no relief, I saw Hill's Arthro-phon-Ia advertised. I asked our druggist to order some for me. I commenced taking it as per directions and received good results from it within one week. After taking three bottles I am happy to say I am nearly cured, although I shall continue to take Arthro-phon-Ia until I drive the disease out of my system. I am certainly recommending it as the best remedy for rheumatism that I know of, and cannot say too much in favor of it. M. Remington, Agent C. & W. M. R. R. Sold by Fred D. Felt.

SHILOH'S COUGH AND CONSUMPTION Cure is sold by us on a guarantee. It cures consumption. Sold by F. D. Felt.

The Handsomest Lad

In Wellington remarked to a friend the other day that she knew Kemp's Balsam for the Throat and Lungs was a superior remedy as it stopped her cough instantly when other cough remedies had no effect whatever. So to prove this and convince you of its merit, any druggist will give you a sample bottle free. Large size 50 cents and one dollar.

Detroit, Mich., March 12, '88. W. H. Hill & Co.: Gentlemen—I have for years been a sufferer from chronic rheumatism; at times very severely. During a late attack I have experienced more relief from taking one bottle of your Arthro-phon-Ia than from any remedy I have hitherto used. Its action has been very prompt, and without an derangement of the stomach or other organs. I am so much pleased with its action that I shall continue its use when I have the old trouble to combat again, and recommend it to my friends in like affliction. Respectfully yours, S. S. Robinson, 15 Brainard St. Sold by F. D. Felt.

SHILOH'S VITALIZER what you need for constipation, loss of appetite, dizziness and all symptoms of dyspepsia. Price 10 and 75 cents per bottle. Sold by F. D. Felt.

CHRISTMAS SERMON.

Discourse by Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, the Distinguished Divine.

The Little Babe, Wrapped in Swaddling Clothes, Lying in a Manger.

The subject of Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage's sermon last Sunday was, "Barnlike Birthplaces." His text was: "Ye shall find the babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying in a manger. And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the Heavenly host."—Luke II, 12, 13.

At midnight from one of the galleries of the sky a chant broke. To an ordinary observer there was no reason for such a celestial demonstration. A poor man and wife—travelers, Joseph and Mary by name—had lodged in an out-house of an unimportant village. The supreme hour of solemnity had passed, and upon the pallid forehead and cheek of Mary God had set the dignity, the grandeur, the tenderness, the everlasting and divine sign of the motherhood.

But such scenes had often occurred in Bethlehem, yet never before had a star been unfixed, or had a baton of light marshaled over the hills a winged orchestra. If there had been such brilliant and mighty recognition at an advent in the house of Pharaoh, or at an advent in the house of Caesar, or the house of Hapsburg, or the house of Stuart, we would not so much have wondered, but a barn seems too poor a center for such delicate and arch-angelic circumstance. The stage seems too small for so great an act, the music too grand for such unappreciative auditors, the window of the stable too rude to be serenaded by other worlds.

No, sir, madam. It is my joy this morning to tell you what was born that night in the village barn; and as I want to make my discourse accumulative and climactic, I begin, in the first place, by telling you that that night in the Bethlehem manger was born (1.) encouragement for all the poorly started. He had only two friends—his parents. No satin lined cradle, no delicate attentions, but straw and the cattle, and the coarsest of the medieval painters represent the oxen as kneeling before the infant Jesus, for there were no men there at that time to worship. From the depths of that poverty He rose, until to-day He is honored in all Christendom and sits on the imperial throne in Heaven.

What name is mightiest to-day in Christendom? Jesus. Who has more friends on earth than any other being? Jesus. Before whom do the most thousands kneel in chapel and church cathedral this hour? Jesus. For whom could one hundred million souls be marshaled, ready to fight or die? Jesus. From what depths of poverty to what heights of renown? An I so let all those who have poorly started remember that they can not be more poorly born, or more disadvantageously, than this Christ. Let them look up to his example while they have time and eternity to imitate it.

Do you know that the vast majority of the world's deliverers had barnlike birthplaces? Luther, the emancipator of religion, born among the mines. Shakespeare, the emancipator of literature, born in a humble home at Stratford-on-Avon. Columbus, the discoverer of a world, born in poverty at Genoa. Hogarth, the discoverer of how to make art accumulative and administrative of virtue, born in a humble home at Westminster. Kitto and Prid-aux, whose keys unlocked new apartments in the Holy Scriptures which had never been entered, born in want. Yea, I have to tell you that nine out of ten of the world's deliverers, nine out of ten of the world's messiahs—the messiahs of science, the messiahs of law, the messiahs of medicine, the messiahs of poverty, the messiahs of grand benevolence—were born in want.

I suppose that when Herschel, the great astronomer, was born in the home of a poor musician, not only one star, but all the stars he afterward discovered, pointed down to his manger. I suppose when Haydn, the German composer, was born in the humble home of a poor wheelwright, that all the angels of music chanted over the manger. Oh, what encouragement for those who are poorly started! Ye who think yourselves far down, aspire to go high up!

I stir your holy ambitions to-day, and I want to tell you, although the whole world may be opposed to you, and inside and outside of your occupations or professions there may be those who would hinder your ascent, on your side and enlisted in your behalf are the sympathetic heart and the almighty arm of One who one Christmas night, about eighteen hundred and eighty-eight years ago, was wrapped in swaddling clothes and laid in a manger. Oh, what magnificent encouragement for the poorly started!

II. Again I have to tell you that in that village barn that night was born good to men, whether you call it kindness, or forbearance, or forgiveness or gentleness, or affection, or love. It was no sport of high Heaven to send its favorite to that humiliation. It was sacrifice for a rebellious world. After the calamity in Paradise, not only did the ox begin to gore, and the ass to sting, and the elephant to smite with his tusk, and the lion to put to bad use tooth and paw, but under the very tree from which the forbidden fruit was plucked were hatched out war and revenge and malice and envy and jealousy, and the whole brood of cockatrice.

But against that scene I set the Bethlehem manger, which says: "Bless rather than curse, endure rather than assault," and that Christmas night puts out vindictiveness. It says: "Sheathe your sword, dismount your guns, dismantle your batteries, turn the war ship Constellation, that carried shot and shell into a grain ship to take food to famishing Ireland, hook your cavalry horses to the plow, use your deadly gunpowder in blasting rocks and in patriotic celebration, stop your lawsuits, quit writing anonymous letters, extract the sting from your sarcasm, let your wit coruscate but never burn, drop all the harsh words out of your vocabulary—'Good will to men.'"

"Oh!" you say, "I can't exercise it; I won't exercise it until they apologize; I won't forgive them until they ask me to forgive them." You are no Christian then—I say you are no Christian, or you are a very inconsistent Christian. If you forgive not men their trespasses, how can you expect your Heavenly Father to forgive you? Forgive them if they ask your forgiveness, and forgive them anyhow. Shake hands all around. "Good will to men."

Oh, my Lord Jesus, drop that spirit into

our hearts this Christmas hour. I tell you what the world wants more than anything else—more helping hands, more sympathetic hearts, more kind words that never die, more disposition to give other people a ride, and to carry the heavy end of the load and give other people the light end, and to ascribe good motives instead of bad, and to find our happiness in making others happy.

Out of that Bethlehem crib let the bear and the lion and the ox. "Good will to men." That principle will yet settle all controversies, and under it the world will keep on improving until there will be only two antagonists in all the earth, and they will side by side take the jubilant sleigh ride intimated by the prophet when he said: "Holiness shall be on the bells of the horses."

III. Again, I remark that born that Christmas night in the village barn was sympathetic union with other worlds. The only skepticism I have ever had about Christianity was an astronomical skepticism which said: "Why would God out of the Heaven and amid the Jupiters and Saturns of the universe have chosen our little bit of a world for the achievement of his only begotten Son when he might have had a vaster scale and vaster worlds?" But my skepticism is all gone as I come to the manger and watch its surroundings. Now I see all the worlds are sisters, and then when one weeps they all weep, and when one sings they all sing.

From that supernatural grouping in the cloud banks over Bethlehem, and from the special trains that ran down to the scene, I find that our world is beautifully and gloriously and magnificently surrounded. The meteors are with us, for one of them ran to point down to the birth place. The Heavens are with us, because at the thought of our redemption they roll hosannas out of the midnight sky.

Oh! yes; I do not know but our world may be better surrounded than we have sometimes imagined; and when a child is born angels fetch it, and when it dies angels take it, and when an old man bends under the weight of years angels uphold him, and when a heart breaks angels soothe it. Angels in the hospital take care of the sick. Angels in the cemetery watch our dead. Angels in church ready to fly Heavenward with the news of repentant souls. Angels above the world. Angels under the world. Angels all around the world.

Rub the dust of human imperfection out of your eyes, and look into the heavens and see angels of pity, and angels of mercy, angels of pardon, angels of help, angels crowned, angels charioted. The world defended by angels, girded by angels, escorted by angels—clouds of angels. Hear David cry out: "The chariots of God are twenty thousand. Even thousands of angels." But the mightiest angel stood not that night in the clouds over Bethlehem; the mightiest angel that night lay among the cattle—the Angel of the new covenant.

As the clean white linen sent in by some motley villager was being wrapped around the little form of that Child Emperor, not a cherub, not a seraph, not an angel, not a world but wept and thrilled and shouted. Oh! yes, our world has plenty of sympathizers. Our world is only a silver rung of a great ladder at the top of which is our Father's house. No more stellar solitariness for our world, not a friendless planet spun out into space to freeze, but a world in the bosom of divine maternity. A star harnessed to a manger.

IV. Again, I remark that that Christmas night born in the village barn was the offender's hope. Some sermonizers may say I ought to have projected this thought at the beginning of the sermon. Oh! no. I wanted you to rise toward it. I wanted you to examine the cornucopia, and the jaspers, and the emeralds, and the chrysalis before I showed you the Kohinoor—the crown jewel of the ages.

Oh! that jewel had a very poor setting. The cub of bear is born amid the grand old pillars of the forest, the whelp of the lion takes its first step from the jungle of luxuriant leaf and wild flower, the kid of the goat is born in cavern chandeliers with salicette and pillared with stagsmitten. Christ was born in a barn. Yet that nativity was the offender's hope. Over the door of Heaven are written these words: "None but the sinless may enter here."

"O horror," say you, "that shuts us all out." No. Christ came to the world in one door, and he departed through another door. He came through the door of the manger, and he departed through the door of the sepulcher, and his one business was so to wash away our sin that one second after we are dead there will be no more sin about us than about the eternal God.

I know that is putting it strongly, but that is what I understand by full remission. All erased, all washed away, all scourged out, all gone. That undergirding and overarching and irradiating and impenetrable possibility for you, and for me, and for the whole race was given on that Christmas night.

Do you wonder we bring flowers to-day to celebrate such an event? Do you wonder that we take organ and cornet and youthful voice and queenly soloist to celebrate it? Do you wonder that Raphael and Rubens and Titian and Giotto and Ghirlandajo, and all the old Italian and German painters gave the mightiest stroke of the pencil to sketch the Madonna, Mary and her boy?

Oh! now I see what the manger was. Not so high as the gilded and jeweled and embroidered cradle of the Henrys of England, or the Louisies of France, or the Fredericks of Prussia. Now I find out that that Bethlehem crib fed not so much the oxen of the stall as the white horses of Apocalyptic vision. Now I find the swaddling clothes enlarging and emblazoning into an imperial robe for a conqueror.

Now I find that the star of that Christmas night was only the diamond sandal of Him who hath the moon under His feet. Now I come to understand that the music of that night was not a complete song, but only the stringing of the instruments for a great chorus of two worlds, the base to be carried by earthly nations saved, and the soprano by kingdoms of glory won.

Oh, Heaven, Heaven, Heaven! I shall meet you there. After all our imperfections are gone, I shall meet you there. I look out to-day, through the mist of years, through the fog that rises from the cold Jordan, through the wide-open door of solid pearl, to that reunion. I expect to see you there as certainly as I see you here. What a time we shall have in high converse, talking over sins pardoned, and sorrows comforted, and battles triumphant!

I am going in. I am going to take all my family with me. I am going to take

all my church with me. I am going to take all my friends and neighbors with me. I have so much faith in manger and cross I feel sure of it. I am going to coax you in. I am going to push you in. By holy stratagem I am going to surprise you in. Yea, with all the concentrated energy of my nature—physical, mental, spiritual and immortal—I am going to compel you to go in. I like you so well I want to spend eternity with you!

Some of your children have already gone. Some time ago I buried one of them, and though people passing along the street and seeing white craps on the door bell may have said, "It's only a child," yet when the broken hearted father came to solicit my services he said: "Come around and comfort us, for though she was only 15 months old we loved her so much." Ah! it does not take long for a child to get its arms around the parent's whole nature.

What a Christmas morning it will make when those with whom you keep the holidays are all around you in Heaven! Silver-haired old father young again, and mother who had so many aches and pains and decrepitudes well again, and all your brothers and sisters and the little ones. How glad they will be to see you.

They have been waiting. The last time they saw your face it was covered with tears and distress, and pallid from long watching, and one of them I can imagine to-day, with one hand holding fast the shining gate, and the other hand swung out toward you, saying:

"Steer this way, father, steer straight for me; Here safe in Heaven I am waiting for thee."

Oh! those Bethlehem angels, when they went back after the concert that night over the hills, forgot to shut the door. All the secret is out. No more use of trying to hide from us the glories to come. It is too late to shut the gate. It is blocked wide open with hosannas marching this way, and halleluiahs marching that way.

What almost unmanly me is the thought that it is provided for such sinners as you and I have been. If it had been provided only for those who had always thought right, and spoken right, and acted right, you and I would have had no interest in it, had no share in it; you and I would have stuck to the raft mid-ocean, and let the ship sail by, carrying perfect passengers from a perfect life on earth to a perfect life in Heaven.

Oh! I have heard the commander of that ship is the same great and glorious and sympathetic One who hushed the tempests around the boat on Galilee, and I have heard that all the passengers on the ship are sinners saved by grace. And so we hail the ship, and it bears down this way, and we come by the side of it and ask the captain two questions: "Who art thou? and whence?" and he says: "I am Captain of Salvation, and I am from the manger." Oh! bright Christmas morning of my soul's delight. Chime all the bells. Wreath all the garlands. Rouse all the anthems. Shake hands in all the congratulations.

Merry Christmas! Merry with the thought of sins forgiven, merry with the idea of sorrows comforted, merry with the raptures to come. Oh! lift that Christ from the manger and lay him down in all our hearts. We may not bring to him as costly a present as the man brought, but we bring to his feet and to the manger to-day the frankincense of our joy, the pearls of our tears, the kiss of our love, the prostration of our worship.

Down at his feet, all churches, all ages, all earth, all Heaven. Down at his feet the four-and-twenty elders on their faces. Down the "great multitude that no man can number." Down Michael the archangel! Down all worlds at his feet and worship. "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will to men!"

LAUGHTER AND SMILES.

The Differences Between the Genuine and Artificial Article.

The crocodile, if he is the scaly old hypocrite he is represented to be, should be accorded with smiles as well as tears. False smiles are, in fact, much more common than false tears, and for this reason: It is the easiest thing in the world to wear the risible muscles, while only a few gifted individuals have sufficient command over their lachrymal glands to compel them to secrete at will. Few great tragedians, even, have the knack of laying on the waters of affliction impromptu, but who ever saw a superannuated bandit that could not "smile and smile, and be a villain," or a chorus singer, or ballet-girl that did not look as if she had been newly tickled across the lips with a straw?

Of artificial smiles there is a greater number than we have space to classify. Madam Bon-Ton has her receiving smile—a superb automatic effect; Count Faro, the distinguished foreigner, who is trying Washington this year because Monte Carlo doesn't agree with him, shuffles the cards with a smile that distracts every body's attention from his fingers; Miss Magnolia, whose heart and lips dissolved partnership in very early life, makes such a Cupid's bow of the latter whenever an "eligible match" approaches, that fortune's flutter round her like moths round a flame; in short, smiling is a regular business accomplishment of thousands of people whose souls have no telegraphic communication with their lips.

But, on the other hand, thank Heaven, there are a goodly number of people who smile because they can't help it—their happiness, bubbling up from their hearts, runs over in smiles at their lips or bursts through them in jovial laughter. And there is a difference between the false and true symbol of joy that enables the keen observer readily to distinguish the one from the other. The natural expression of delight varies with the emotion that gives rise to it, but the counterfeit smile is a stereotype, and the tone of a hypocrite's laugh never varies.—N. Y. Ledger.

Unaffected Sincerity.

Unaffected sincerity can not be simulated, nor can it be concealed. It will show itself in a speaker's expression of countenance, and in every movement and manner. It sounds in the tones of the voice, and it exhibits itself in the play of the mouth while speaking. The more delicate and sensitive the organization, the surer the display of naturalness or of affectation in the speaker. The keen-eyed observer can often read the inner mind of a lady stranger, in her estimate of herself and in her thoughts of her companions, by noting the unconscious and uncontrollable movement of her lips, and of the lines of her face about the lips, while in conversation in a street-car, or in a social gathering; and this without hearing a single word that she says. In fact, the only way to seem unaffected is to be unaffected; and the only sure way of appearing natural and winsome is by being natural and winsome.—S. S. Times.

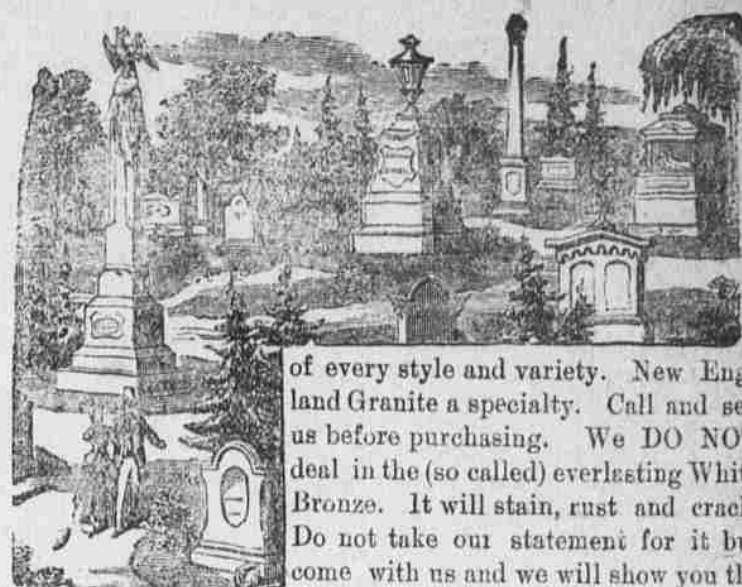
Gives not an hair-breadth of truth away, for it is not yours, but God's.—S. Butlerford.

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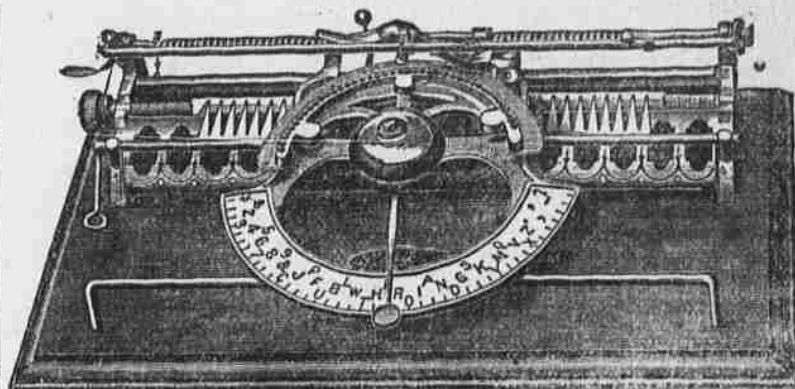
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24-ly defects. A present of \$500.00 in cash will be given to any person who will show us a Monument of American Granite we have furnished that is crumbling or shows signs of decay

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Hibbard's Rheumatic Syrup.

SCROFULA undoubtedly WHAT IT IS had its origin 400,000,000 among the OVERCOME IT. poorer classes in new countries where water was bad, miasmas prevalent, food with little variety, clothing insufficient, and exposure to cold and wet common and frequent.



TREATMENT—In this, the diet is of importance, and the hygiene not to be neglected. Fresh air, exercise and abundant clothing are all important. Hibbard's Rheumatic Syrup is the only remedy.

SCROFULA.

We believe it to be the cause of nearly all chronic diseases.

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ALWAYS YIELDS.

IT IS POSITIVE. Containing the medicinal virtues of certain Plants and Roots of known alterative and Depurant Nature, together with such remedies as Pepsin, Bile, Wintergreen, diuretic, healing and invigorating, it becomes the remedy of all remedies for this most common and insidious enemy of mankind.

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IT IS A SAFE FAMILY MEDICINE

Because it contains no poison or opiates. Children, invalids and delicate persons will find it the best medicine and tonic they can use. No home should be without it. Always in season, Spring, Summer, Autumn and Winter.

If you cannot procure it of your druggist, send direct to us. Price \$1.00, 6 bottles \$5.00. Plasters 25c.

TESTIMONIALS WORTHY OF CONFIDENCE.

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PORRY BYRON, N. Y.—I have been doctoring for three or four years, with different physicians, for scrofula, but found no relief until I commenced taking your Syrup. Continuing to use it a few months, I believe it to be the best medicine in the world.

YEARS OF SUFFERING.

COL. E. S. WALKER, West Lebanon, Ind. Hibbard's Rheumatic Syrup and Plasters have done more for me than any other medicine I have ever taken. It is the greatest remedy for impure blood, and for a dyspepsia or a constipated person it seems to have no equal. Please send me half a dozen bottles.

G. B. HARRISON, Liberty, Tex.

Gents.—I received the above letter this morning. He thinks it is the greatest medicine in the world. I have given entire satisfaction to all my trade.

COL. E. S. WALKER.

RHEUMATIC SYRUP CO., JACKSON, MICH.

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Don't waste your money on a gum or rubber coat. The FISH BRAND SLICKER is absolutely water and wind proof, and will keep you dry in the hardest storm. I found myself cured. Ask for the "FISH BRAND" SLICKER and take no other. If your druggist does not have the "FISH BRAND", send for descriptive catalogue to A. J. TOWERS, 20 Simmons St., Boston, Mass.

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